



















DID YOU EVER
KNOW OF ANY-
BODY WHOSE
HAIR WAS RED
WHEN SHE WAS
YOUNG, BUT GOT
TO BE ANOTHER
COLOR WHEN
SHE GREW UP?

BUT I CAN'T
WEAR IT.
RED-HEADED
PEOPLE CAN'T
WEAR PINK.

NO, I DON'T
KNOW IF I
EVER DID.



AND ISN'T
PINK THE
MOST BE-
SWITCHING
COLOR IN
THE WORLD?



AAAH... MY LIFE IS A
PERFECT GRAVEYARD
OF BURIED HOPE.



YOU MIGHT AS WELL
TALK TO SOME PLU-
ROSE BY TELLING ME
WHAT YOU KNOW
ABOUT YOURSELF.

IF YOU'RE
EVIDENTLY
BENT ON
TALKING



NO, I DON'T
WANT ANY
OF YOUR
IMAGINING.



IF YOU'LL ONLY
LET ME TELL
YOU WHAT I
IMAGINE ABOUT
MYSELF, YOU'LL
THINK IT EVER
SO MUCH MORE
INTERESTING.

OH, WHAT
I KNOW
ABOUT
MYSELF
ISN'T
REALLY
WORTH
TELLING.



MY FATHER'S NAME
WAS WALTER
SHIRLEY AND MY
MOTHER'S BERTHA.

THEY WERE BOTH
TEACHERS IN THE
BOLINGBROKE
HIGH SCHOOL.



...I WAS
ELEVEN
LAST
MARCH.



MOTHER GAVE
UP TEACHING,
OF COURSE,
AFTER SHE
HAD ME.



I'VE NEVER SEEN
THAT HOUSE, BUT
I'VE IMAGINED IT
THOUSANDS OF
TIMES. I THINK IT
MUST HAVE HAD
HONEYBUCKLE
OVER THE PARLOR
WINDOW AND
MUSLIN CURTAINS
TO GIVE A HOUSE
SUCH AN AIR.

MRS. THOMAS
SAID THAT
THEY WERE
A PAIR
OF BABIES
AND POOR AS
CHURCH MICE.

THEY WENT
TO LIVE IN A
TEENY-WEENY
LITTLE
YELLOW
HOUSE IN
BOLING-
BROKE. I
WAS BORN
IN THAT
HOUSE.

MRS.
THOMAS SAID
I WAS THE
HOMELIEST
BABY SHE
EVER SAW.
I WAS SO
SCRAWNY
AND THIN
AND NOTHING
BUT EYES.















BUT OF
COURSE I
WENT WHILE I
WAS AT THE
ASYLUM



IT WAS
TOO FAR

DID YOU
EVER GO TO
SCHOOL?



I KNOW OVER
SO MANY
PIECES OF
POETRY OFF
BY HEART.

I CAN READ
PRETTY WELL
AND...



WERE THOSE
WOMEN, MRS.
THOMAS AND
MRS. HAMMOND,
GOOD TO YOU?



AH!



THE OCEAN
SHIMMERS IN
THE LIGHT!



O-O-O-H...
THEY MEANT
TO BE.

BUT
THEY'RE
NOT
QUITE-
ALWAYS.

IT'S VERY
TRYING TO
HAVE A
DRUNKEN
HUSBAND, AND
LITTLE MONEY.

THEY HAD
A GOOD DEAL
TO WORRY
THEM, YOU
KNOW.



ISN'T
THE SEA
WONDER-
FUL?



MARILLA
OUTTHINKS, YOU
DONT SAY SO?

WHY, ROBERT SENT
WORD DOWN BY HIS
DAUGHTER MARY
AND SHE SAID YOU
WANTED A GIRL.

I SUP-
POSE
SO...

CAN WE
SEND THE
CHILD BACK
TO THE
ABYLLUM?





SURELY
THIS IS
LORD'S HAND?









IF WE MAKE UP
OUR MIND NOT TO
KEEP HER, WE'LL
BEING OR SEND
HER OVER TO YOU
TOMORROW NIGHT.
WILL THAT SUIT YOU,
MRS. BUEWETT?



I SUPPOSE
I'LL
HAVE TO.





I'LL TRY TO
DO AND BE
ANYTHING
YOU WANT
ME, IF
YOU'LL ONLY
KEEP ME.

A LITTLE GIRL
LIKE YOU
SHOULD BE
ASHAMED OF
TALKING SO
ABOUT A LADY
AND A
STRANGER.



GIRL...

I'D RATHER GO
BACK TO THE
ASYLUM THAN GO
TO LIVE WITH HER.
SHE LOOKS
EXACTLY LIKE A...
LIKE A GIRLET.



PERHAPS
WE WILL
CONCLUDE
TO LET MRS.
BLEWETT
TAKE YOU
AFTER ALL.

IT ISN'T
DECIDED
YET.



OH, MRS.
CUTBERT, DID
YOU REALLY SAY
THAT PERHAPS
YOU WOULD LET
ME STAY AT
GREEN GABLES?





Anne of Green Gables

Volume 1, Chapter 2



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